

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

W. R. HEARST.

102 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1897.

THE WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Cooler, with frost; north-west winds.

THE VOICE OF THE TEMPER.

Almost daily now the Citizens' Union is being taken to the top of a high mountain and shown all the kingdoms of Greater New York, with the promise that they will be given Seth Low to rule over on the traditional condition. Mayor Strong is the latest tempter. Bidding Mr. Low to visit him, he bestowed upon the candidate what the worldly are agreed to call "sound advice." That is, he counselled his great and good friend to make peace with the adversary while he is in the way with him. "Don't," urged the Mayor, in effect, "allow your young men to be so very much in earnest. Mitigate the enthusiasm of their consistency, and do all you can to bring Platt and his merry men into camp. It's all very well to be devoted to the sacred cause of Reform—Collis and I are ourselves—but your real business at present is to get yourself elected if you can."

Is it conceivable that Mr. Low and the Citizens' Union will listen to advice so atrocious? To ask them to sink victory with the help of the odious Platt machine is to bid them forego their noblest principle and to eat their bold-est words. From the beginning they have put the Boss out of the City of Reform and made him a hissing and a byword, pouring from the ramparts upon his head the boiling oil of their scorn and heaving at the same time the largest stones of their defiance. To bring down Platt in ruin amid the debris of his demolished machine has been the basic object of the Union's existence. Were Seth Low and his gallant band of Citizens to abandon this high ground and abase themselves in order to get machine votes for Reform, they would be guilty of endeavoring to cast out Beelzebub with Beelzebub, the wickedness of which cannot be exaggerated.

Moreover, the vanity of calling in Satan to perform miracles in the interest of righteousness is quite equal to the wickedness thereof. The instant it became known that the Citizens had gone on their knees to Boss Platt, whatever is really best in the Union would desert it. And, furthermore, Mr. Low will do wisely to eye with suspicion gift horses presented by Mayor Strong. It is not unthinkable that that eminent Reformer would not be utterly cast down were a situation to be created that should, in the interest of harmony, call for the retirement of Mr. Low and Mr. Olcott. To quote the Mayor:

If all candidates are withdrawn, then it might be possible for an hands to get together and find some man who would be a unifying force. Unless that can be done I am afraid we will have to submit to a Democratic Mayor next time.

And in the event of the withdrawal of Mr. Low and Mr. Olcott are there any who question that the Mayor would hesitate to desert his teapot and give all his energies to the good work of trying to win a second term for himself, and, of course, for General Collis?

HAIL VICTORIOUS CUBA!

Hillery is music in the ears of all liberty loving men and women. One Spanish stronghold after another has fallen in the onward sweep of the Cuban forces. Spain is bankrupt; her leaders are demoralized and divided; her bloody flag droops in defeat. Now is the time for the Government of the United States to raise its voice in behalf of civilization, humanity and liberty. Congress and the people will stand by the President.

TWO KINDS OF TEMPERANCE.

The Young Women's Christian Temperance Union has undertaken a contract whose difficulty is matched only by its freedom from any sordid considerations of utility. It is trying to propagate "temperance"—that is to say, total abstinence—principles in a country that is already temperate and is constitutionally incapable of conceiving the idea of total abstinence. Miss Martha Ellen Vickery, in her report on the Italian work, admits the arduous nature of this task when she says: "Notwithstanding the great consumption of wine, drunkenness is rare in Italy." Can the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union say as much for the United States? If not, might it not be well to root out drunkenness at home, where it is plentiful, before trying to deal with it abroad, where it is scarce?

Instead of carrying on temperance missionary work in Italy, it might be a good plan to find out how practical temperance is maintained in that country, and try to introduce the same methods here. In Europe the use of light wines and beer of little alcoholic strength is found to be the most effective aid to temperance. The consumption of beer in America is already immense, but there is much to be done in cultivating a taste for the less intoxicating varieties. Our people have hardly begun to learn yet what wine is. They are starting their education in that direction in California, and if the Californian growers will devote especial attention to the production of the lighter varieties of wines they can make themselves valuable factors in practical temperance work. By this policy drunkenness may be substantially eradicated, as it has been in Southern Europe. The total abstinence plan, after a trial of a good many years, does not seem to have accomplished much in that direction.

A GOOD EXAMPLE IN MEXICO.

In Pennsylvania, on the other hand, the law is held in open and defiant contempt by General Gobin, commander of the militia. At Lattimer, on the 19th instant, Sheriff Martin and his deputies shot into and killed and wounded a large number of miners on a public road under circumstances which caused charges of murder to be formally preferred against them. Warrants for their arrest were issued from competent courts, but General Gobin has by force of arms prevented the apprehension of the accused persons. Martial law has not been declared in the county where the slaughter of the miners occurred. Nobody save the Governor of Pennsylvania is authorized to do that, and Governor Hastings has not done it. Nevertheless, General

Gobin has of his own royal will and pleasure suspended the civil law, and the men charged with murder remain at large under the protection of his troops. This is an infamous and intolerable state of things. It is utterly un-American, frankly illegal, and a disgrace to the State of Pennsylvania, which is in sore need of being Mexicanized.

THE SITUATION IN SPAIN.

Le Temps, a usually well informed journal of Paris, prints a dispatch from San Sebastian giving an account of the interview between Minister Woodford and the Duke of Tetuan. This report differs materially from that which the Journal's London correspondent, Frank Marshall White, cabled after an exclusive interview with the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Paris paper declares that General Woodford said that "Secretary Sherman desired him to declare to the Spanish Government that it was evidently impossible for Spain to end the rebellion in a reasonable time, and that if the war was continued Cuba would be devastated and of no utility to Spain or to the Cubans. In conclusion, he is reported to have insisted courteously but firmly upon the necessity to terminate the war, declaring that if it was not terminated by the end of October the United States would feel justified in taking measures to secure the independence of Cuba."

On the other hand, Minister Woodford himself, in conversation with the Journal's correspondent, said of his interview with the Duke:

We exchanged all the compliments of the season and we parted on the best of terms, without fixing any time for a future interview.

And to the same correspondent the Duke of Tetuan said:

To arrive at an agreement the first thing is to have a disposition to make it. All depends on the good will with which the negotiations are carried on. I believe that it is not in the interest of the United States, as it is not in the interest of Spain, to provoke a conflict. There is much gained when it is the desire of both nations not to fight. Both the United States and Spain have to deal with difficulties in the affair of Cuba.

And being asked further what his impression was, after talking with Minister Woodford, about the probable position of the United States in relation to Cuba, the Duke declared it was "satisfactory."

In this instance the Journal wishes it could disbelieve the accuracy of its own correspondent, but it cannot. Le Temps has doubtless reported what Minister Woodford ought to have said, but undoubtedly he said nothing of the sort. It is clear that if the United States Minister had a positive message to deliver he has been persuaded to defer it until after the probable change in the Spanish Ministry. The report that the Duke of Tetuan has been transferred to Paris suggests that this change will not be long deferred.

A dispatch from Washington informs us that the State Department admits that Minister Woodford set forth to the Duke of Tetuan "the deep interest which the United States had in desiring a cessation of the deplorable conflict in Cuba."

The Journal's dispatches from Madrid have already outlined the proposition for Cuban independence which is to be delivered to Spain by the American Minister.

POLITICS AND PUBLIC WORKS.

We don't know how many voters General Collis can put to work on the devastated streets of New York, nor can we estimate precisely how much political support he is likely to get for the Republican party by permitting the negligent contractors to delay work and leave the city's thoroughfares rockier and rougher than the trail to Klondyke, while the atmosphere above them is more mephitic than the Chicago River.

Yet in default of exact information we hazard the guess that the people who want to use the streets and can't are more numerous than those whom Collis employs in keeping them impassable. We guess that the residents and shopkeepers along Fifth avenue are at least as many and as influential as the contractors for whose profit Collis is destroying it as a place of residence or a place of business. And we are of the opinion that the conditions along the other disemboweled streets are virtually the same as in Fifth avenue.

In brief, it is the opinion of the Journal that General Collis is as unwise a politician as he is an incompetent Commissioner of Public Works.

CONTROL OF THE CITY'S STREETS.

Mr. Low's comment on the anomalous condition of the law by which a State board is vested with control over the relations of the street railways of New York to the citizens is eminently just.

It has a peculiar timeliness just now in the fact that one of the street railways now striving to blockade Amsterdam avenue with four tracks sets up the permission of the Railroad Commissioners as a defence to the restraining order obtained by the city authorities.

New York ought to be given exclusive jurisdiction over her streets and the corporations occupying them. This is only one clause in the code of municipal home rule. The principle as a whole should be a chief part of every municipal platform this year except that of the Republican party, which is precluded from its advocacy.

Boston thinks it has beaten the kite-flying record, and is plunging itself accordingly in its amusing provincial way. On Sunday a kite was sent up from the summit of Blue Hill to a height of 10,019 feet above the sea level. Boston should see the kite flying being done in New York just now. Mayor Strong, for example, has one soaring day and night over the City Hall that is miles and miles above the sea level. It bears the simple inscription "Please Hit Me," which is addressed to all the political lightning of whatever brand that may be idling around the heavens.

The best citizens of Quincy, Ill., tried to lynch a negro minister who had insulted a white woman. Such news is appearing under Illinois, Indiana and Ohio date lines with alarming frequency.

It is difficult to tell just where the Dwiglins family of financiers will break out next.

If Mr. Corbett has any intention of fighting his way into Mr. Fitzsimmons's class, he might begin operations by challenging the latter's coachman.

It is inferred from the complaints of the Pennsylvania officials who were compelled to bury the victims of the Lattimer massacre that the future injunctions will prevent the miners dying on the public highway.

A St. Louis girl claims she refused an introduction to the Prince of Wales. That mode of securing notoriety was a long time reaching St. Louis.

Mark Hanna's newly acquired love for the laboring man shows that he is but human. Like all new converts, he is disposed to work overtime.

Now that lynching has thrown down the geographical lines, said New England will have to keep a close watch on herself.

New York's Grand Baronial Order.

COMMUNOT has reached its greatest known altitude in the attempt of certain chappies to establish here in New York a society to be known as "The Baronial Order of Runnymede."

In order to become a member of this precious institution the applicant must be able to trace his ancestry to one of the signers of the Magna Charta or to some one that was on the field of Runnymede. "The Baronial Order of Runnymede" is to have insignia to be worn by its members, who will further be known as "Americans of Royal and Noble Descent in America."

Now what do you think of that, you Sons of the Revolution, Colonial Dames, Founders of the Republic, Mayflower Progeny and Jamestown Descendants, and all the rest of your ilk that band together to put on airs over your neighbors?

Here is a scheme that knocks yours into a cocked hat. At best you are only a promiscuous lot, trying to make a class distinction in a country that your forefathers had fondly hoped would be the home of fraternity and equality.

These members of "The Baronial Order of Runnymede," these "Americans of Royal and Noble Descent," throw aside all pretence to patriotism, jump across the Atlantic for ancestral glory and at one bold stroke and without any mealy-mouthed, proclaim themselves a superior race.

How very much better it is to claim descent from Robert le Bigod and Phillip the Bluff, than to dilly-dally with such recent and plebeian persons as John Alden of Captain Smith, or even Dietrich Knickerbocker.

If we are to do this sort of thing at all, why not play the limit? What's the matter with the American descendants of Edward the Confessor? Why don't the Americans that date back to the invasion of William the Conqueror get together and knock out this Runnymede gang?

With the Mayflower and Jamestown limits off there is no telling where the game will end. Therefore I am inclined to eulogize the gentlemen that are responsible for the beginning of a new order of things, that must eventually decorate chappelwood with all sorts of insignia, while it makes it possible for every fool that feels like it to claim a title.

The only mistake that "The Baronial Order of Runnymede" has made is that it has cast its titular dignity too low. There's no use leading a deuce when the ace would take the trick.

Still the Runnymede Barons are to be credited with the boldness of having broken away from those tiresome old ties that have hitherto fettered our American aristocracy to a plebeian origin and confined it to the narrow limits of less than three paltry centuries.

The noblemen that are directly responsible for our emancipation, as it were, are Baron Fred Betts, Baron Anthony Bleeker and Baron George Pomeroy, of New York, and Baron Frederick Winston of Chicago.

American aristocracy should crown each of them with laurel.

This is the kind of weather that makes the chappies come to town with a rush, even if they hurry back to the country the next warm day.

When the frost gets into the air, no other place is so attractive as a snug corner in the club, and no other occupation so agreeable as a comparison of notes on the Summer campaign.

The following note has come to me: Dear Cholly Knickerbocker—Where did Frank Reed get his money from? I have heard that much of it was given to him by his father-in-law, a retired millionaire, who made his fortune in life insurance and journalism. Is this true?

I know nothing of Mr. Reed's financial affairs. I have always understood, however, that he inherited his wealth from his father, who was a potential factor in Brooklyn's commercial life.

Newport is still congratulating itself on the accession of Commodore Gerry to the ranks of its citizens.

Samuel R. Honey introduced the Commodore to Chief Justice Mattoon yesterday in the old Court House as a member of the New York bar in good standing.

Commodore Gerry was then admitted to practise law in the courts of Rhode Island.

Rumor is busy with locating the Potter Palmers in Newport permanently.

It is said now that they have abandoned all idea of purchasing Marble House, and that they will build a cottage in the City-by-the-Sea.

The location selected for them by the gossips is the uncultivated lot on the cliffs south of Beaulieu, William Waldorf Astor's place, that is now occupied by the Calvin Brices.

Hempstead is going to whoop it up on October 1, when a dance will be given by the "horsey set" in honor of the Baroness von Fleeckeren, who was prominent at Newport this summer.

Now that it is cold enough in Newport to freeze the ears off a brass monkey, the exclusives of Newport have turned Bailey's beach over to the townspeople.

Your Newport cottager's sense of humor is always keenest in the Fall.

Mrs. George Law is going to sail for Europe to-morrow in spite of the earnest efforts of certain young gentlemen to persuade her to remain in New York.

Mrs. Law is pining for Paris, and while she admits the attractiveness of her friends, she can't abide a Winter in New York.

Identically, and accidentally, no doubt, the Baron Oppenheim is back from Venezuela and will probably be the companion du voyage of the fair widow on her trip across the Atlantic.

This fact will add only to the bitterness of her departure to at least one poor little chappie, who admits that he has been awfully hard hit this Summer.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

KLONDYKE, HO!

"Gold!" remarked the party who had some notion of going in the Spring, "is about the cheapest thing up there, I fancy."

The party who claimed to have been already there, didn't care if he did, before replying.

"Oh, yes," he finally made answer. "Cheap? Yes, indeed. Quite so. Well, I should say. Why, just the day before I came away a farmer up in the interior of the country was swindled with a genuine gold brick. Of course I didn't see the farmer myself, but it was openly talked around, and not denied. Yes."—Detroit Journal.

Chicago Library.

Chicago has a new and magnificent public library building and the idea of putting some books in it is being advanced by some.

What the Yellow Fever Scare Means to Southern People.

YELLOW fever at New Orleans, yellow fever at Mobile, yellow fever at Biloxi. No man, unless he has been a part of a yellow fever scare, can have any conception of what that dread news means down South. The cry of war rouses men to yells of anticipated victories, tales of floods wake them in the night to battle with a visible, tangible thing which they may defeat; but when this cry of fever comes tramping up from the Gulf, the Southerners begin to tremble. That is a thing they have learned to fear as they fear nothing on earth.

It is devastating, this fever. It swoops, Grenade out of existence. It depopulated Memphis, and made in a month a vigorous city into a senile, decrepit, heartbroken thing that all men feared and retreated from. It is a terrible thing which attacks in the dark, and it spreads panic wherever it goes.

Every little town in the Mississippi Valley is to-day quaking and quivering, and waiting, waiting for the blow to fall. The men are silent and grave; the women weep holding their frightened children close. Business is almost suspended.

The negroes alone are happy. They have small fear of fever, for it rarely kills them

even when it occasionally attacks. The chaotic condition appeals to the negro, and he is happy for the days of idleness. Not all the negroes, however. The home help, the "house niggers" of the land, are worried for their masters and mistresses. The old negro affection for his own people crops out again as it did in the days of the war. He knows he must stay at home and watch and help and try for the safety of his own, and in these times he is a host, because he fears to go nowhere, to carry no message, and he is a nurse, where he loves the sick ones, like unto nobody else.

But the white folks are worried. Towns are quarantined. Families in different parts of counties are alienated as war was not able to alienate them. Kindred in an infected district know not their blood-kind outside the quarantine lines. Each little bit of the world holds a deadly enemy for every other bit. It is a bitter war, and the shotgun is its weapon. One village establishes a quarantine against another ten miles away. Beyond the dead line of quarantine no man, woman or child may pass with safety to life.

An infected district is safer than a moonlit road with the quarantine men lying in the bushes to shoot down the neighbor who may be feeling. It is heartless and cruel beyond all expression, but it is salvation, for by confining the fever to limits, it must burn itself out some time. It burnt out in Grenada, but there was not a living soul in that plank walk village when the fever came up the river in 1878 and 1879. It started at New Orleans and strode straight northward. Its footprints were the towns of the valley, and wherever it trod the maddened people tried to flee, ran against the abominable quarantine and stopped to be caught behind and killed by this invisible thing from the tropics.

As the thing marched northward the people panted and waited. When it got too near, the women and children were piled into wagons, given into the care of old negroes, and sent inland, to isolation, anywhere out of the river bottom.

There was no time for proper preparations. A few bed clothes for camping, a short supply of food, and the wagon started. There was little suffering for food, because there is always something to eat down there, but delicate women passed many a terrible night under the stars alone with their children.

With all those shotguns there must be tragedies and sudden death. Hysteria and shotguns do not mix well; they mean blood. When men are trying to protect their women and young, men will shoot, and in those dread years of "refugeeing" men escaped the fever to be shot by neighbors.

And there is heroism. The Howards, nurses and undertakers, did things which the world of humanity can never forget. There was self-sacrifice, for men stayed at home to save crops and stock, while the women folk fled at their best. This story is just one dramatic thing which will illustrate the feeling of the time.

Wellburn is a country village, thirty miles back from the river. It was the location in days ago of the Wellburn

Tavern, conducted by old Major Wellburn. The country road had become the one winding street of a village by force of small settlement, and the place finally became Wellburn on the map. It had no railroad, no corporation, nothing but its sleepiness and its tavern and its street. Wellburn was ideal for the refugees—that is, if there were not too much of him.

One day a man walked into Hickman on the river, laid him down in the shade of a warehouse and died. Within a week Hickman was a pest house of four thousand people, and the world hated it as one hates a snake which one hears in the grass.

Old Major Wellburn had a married daughter living at Hickman. When the second case appeared the husband came home and cacked the family into a two-horse wagon and started them to Wellburn, fifty miles away. Travel by rail was impossible.

A half-blind negro drove the slow team. The weather was stifling. The family was large and the wagon was crowded. It took two days and nights to make the journey. Thrice in all that weary way the party tried to stop for rest. Farmers, fearful for their own, sternly said move on. And they moved. The youngsters cried themselves to sleep. The mother cheered the others with stories and song. She had been a war mother and she knew.

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